[fic] Don't Let It Fool You.

- Jun. 8th, 2011 at 6:15 AM

Title: Don't Let It Fool You.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Archangelcest, smut. (Do I need to warn for crossdressing?) Also S6 finale spoilers.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Raphael.
Word Count: 1,165 words.
Summary: A green silk dress, Gabriel, and lipstick. Raphael can't say she understands it, but it does things to her.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card.

This one is set in an AU post S6 where Gabriel and Raphael are back and on the run from Castiel. Not that you need this much information. :P

(She fists the dress in one hand, to secure it up between them)

It's nothing Raphael understands, certainly nothing she wants to tolerate, but - Gabriel, in that vessel of his, trying to change his appearance without changing the flesh of his vessel directly.

"I see no reason to do that," Raphael tells him, and he smiles at her. His lips are red, bright red, colored for a reason Raphael cannot comprehend, and doesn't try to.

"Brother, if you're going to be walking down here, I really do recommend trying to learn the customs of these humans," Gabriel says. "Please? It'd really help me out if you could understand why I find putting your vessel in a suit to be unbearably sexy."

Raphael pauses to look at herself, to study her vessel, and frowns. "This is what she was wearing when I found her, Gabriel."

"Tell your vessel she has awesome fashion sense, and let me kiss you."

Raphael's eyebrows twitch, but she lets Gabriel kiss her, and raises a hand to his shoulder. It still seems so *wrong* for her older brother to be shorter than she is, and she can't say she likes towering over him. Not now. Not after what they went through in escape Death and then in life to escape Castiel's notice.

There are reasons why she's not trying to rend Gabriel limb from limb now, and why she lets him debase her like he does.

"Stop thinking," Gabriel whispers. "I don't like that look in your eye."

"Memories," Raphael says, and grips Gabriel's hair. "Finish what you started."

"I will," Gabriel says, and pries her fingers from his hair. "I've got to finish dressing, first."

"Fine," Raphael concedes this, and lets go of Gabriel as she steps back.

Gabriel smiles at her (smirks, really) and turns back to the mirror, readjusting the coloring on his lips and snapping once, the clothes on his vessel changing.

Raphael can't say she's sad to see that green jacket go, but this new...she hesitates to call it clothing. She's never seen anything like it, even if her vessel is unconsciously showing her images of what it is: images of her vessel wearing things like it.

The word dress comes to mind before Raphael finished smothering her vessel once more. (She does not like interference, but asking her vessel for advice on human affairs has proven to be an invaluable resource, and once awakened it is more effort than would be convenient to return her vessel to sleep.)

"What do you think?" Gabriel asks, running a hand down the front of the dress. "Green's my color, right?"

Raphael says nothing, but nods. A safe answer, one that might not lead to her learning how to undress Gabriel and reveal skin without following the familiar lines of jacket-shirt-pants.

Gabriel moves closer, taking her hand, laying it on his chest, over the fabric of the dress, and it is soft, far too soft.

"Silk," he says, and kisses her again, then leaves a trail of licks and gentle kisses down her jaw and neck; she cannot help but tilt her head back to let him, and there is the click of teeth on buttons as he ruins yet another shirt of hers. Thread tears with a barely audible sound, but she focuses on it, uses that to help herself stay in control.

"Do not push me," she says softly, but Gabriel doesn't stop.

"Why hide your reactions?" He asks. "You want me, and your body wants to act - let it."

"Gabriel," but it is more of a moan than a word as he snaps his fingers, making her bra vanish just like that and there is a tongue on her breast, and a fire curling low in her, one that demands *more*.

She grips his arms and is moments away from just *dealing* with their clothing, moving straight to the point, but Gabriel lifts his chin and pins her with a stare.

"We do this my way, or I'm gone," Gabriel threatens, and as much as she knows he means the night only, no longer, it still makes something in her twist and cry out in pain and her hands drop.

Gabriel moves in to kiss Raphael, reassure her, and she lets him, lets her hands land on his waist now, lets herself feel the smoothness of the silk. The threat is over, and it won't be raised again, they both know their unspoken rules. Gabriel has drawn his line, so she draws hers.

"Don't make me wait," she says, and this is where they should be now, with Gabriel showing her how to lift the dress to reveal underthings that are just as soft as the dress itself, and when she touches the front of the silk panties (another word coming to her after a brief delay) she can trace the outline of Gabriel's cock and watch him groan out a shuddering breath.

She fists the dress in one hand, to secure it up between them, and keeps tracing, feeling herself flush and want, and she wonders at why this image - why Gabriel dressed in *this* - should make her body respond more, make her wet when neither one of them has really started yet.

Gabriel shoves her pants down, makes an annoyed sound at the cotton underwear she is wearing and then it is gone, just like that. Raphael narrows her eyes and doesn't hesitate, wrapping fingers around Gabriel's cock through the fabric and gripping him too tight.

"If I cannot," she says, pleased to hear a soft sound of pain, "You cannot."

The underwear reappears.

"You can't mean - " Gabriel says once she loosens her grip. "I can't take it off?"

"Manually only," Raphael says. "And none of yours."

Gabriel breathes, and pushes her underwear down with shaking fingers.

"I've made my concessions to you," Raphael says, and touches a finger to red lips. "Fingers and tongue, and I might repay the favor."

She lets the dress fall, and moves to the bed, lying back on it, expectant.

"Don't disappoint me, Gabriel."

He doesn't: he is allowed to go as slow as he wants to, so they spend hours with fingers and tongue and coming close - almost too close - to release, but it doesn't

come for either of them.

Not until Raphael discovers that two fingers in Gabriel and one rubbing him through the silk makes his eyes roll up and destroys his control utterly.

Not until Gabriel makes up for coming first by licking her clean and through an orgasm, hands on her thighs and her hand in his hair.

Raphael lies in bed with a hand on Gabriel's head as he's curled up by her side and watches the ceiling.

"I don't mind the lipstick stains," she says softly.

"Mrph?" Gabriel asks, worn out.

"You found a way to mark me, Gabriel."

"Mmhm," Gabriel nuzzles into her hand.

"Don't do it again."

"Mm...won't happen again," Gabriel says with a yawn.

She lets him sleep after that.